

This I Believe

Living in a world so vast and huge, have you ever thought how you have come to meet the people in your lives, or even take on a journey least expected? You might find these questions really simple but they never fail to puzzle me each time I pondered over them. Be it the people that we meet on the train, or the unique sights our eyes take in each day, I believe that at some point or another, they may have an impact on our lives. Sometimes, I wonder. How is it that I have made choices I never thought I would? Why do some paths cross while others divide?

Frankly, I do not have the answers to all these questions. Maybe I never will. But I believe that somewhere, somehow, a mysterious force will navigate me to the path of my life, in a direction that may have already been decided since I was born. I believe that that is my destiny.

As the French proverb goes, “A man often meets his destiny in the road he takes to avoid it.” Bittersweet experiences had certainly taught me to taste the true meaning of this statement. Just last year, I saw how my destiny could work its magic on my life. Since January, I was really interested in joining the Humanities Programme. The courses they had, the learning experiences it provided just seemed like an alluring treasure box, bursting with opportunities and fun. At that point in time, Sciences did not even cross my mind as an option. I was very clear then, that I was meant for the Humanities.

However, this choice was not an easy journey from the start. My Language Arts’ standards often failed to reach the benchmark set, and my grades were far from assuring. Time and time again, my assignments flashed nothing but the discouraging amber light of warning. I felt desperate, helpless. But I knew I had to push on.

Months and months of intense preparation, smothering writing practices, newspaper reading and many more - I did everything I thought would help me scale the ladder of my dreams. Exhaustion and stress escalated like suffocating plumes of smoke, wearing me out bit by bit. However, I was not deterred. I knew I was fighting for a path I adored, a path that could unleash my potential. I could not give up.

Unfortunately, it turned out that all the efforts had landed me with a final score of 74. I did not know whether to laugh at the joke my life has played on me, or to cry for the crush of my dreams. A mark was all it took to rob me of my goal, to drown all remaining hopes of qualifying for this programme I badly wanted. But the verdict was final and I did not get in.

It took me a while, but eventually, I came to see this failure in a new light. I may have liked the Humanities but perhaps, it might not be the path I was destined to take after all. Maybe, that one mark difference was a predetermined state in my destiny that would lead me to a new beginning.

Hence, here I am today, believing in the path that my destiny has bestowed upon me – a Triple Science Programme. In retrospect, it amuses me to think about how I actually ended up on this path which I once thought was unsuitable for me. Perhaps, this is destiny...

Honestly, I still do not know how my life will unfold in the years to come or where my destiny may eventually lead me to. An engineer? A politician? A teacher? I do not know. But I strongly believe in my destiny as it has undeniably brought me into a lovely family, into a great school, into a wonderful class where I am happy and thankful for. This, I believe.